

CHARIVARIA.

In well-informed circles it is thought that one of the earliest acts of Mr. ASQUITH's reconstituted Government will be to introduce a Bill rendering unnecessary the absurd re-elections which have to take place at present when a Member is raised to Cabinet rank.

By-the-by, it seems to us that the right man is not getting the credit for Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS's victory. Surely it was due to Mr. CHURCHILL more than to anyone?

"Tariff Reform means Work for All," we are told. It anyhow means work for poor dear WINSTON.

"You are a brick, sir," said Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS to his opponent. Well, it remains to be seen how the electors of Dundee will like having one of those articles hurled at them.

Meanwhile it is rumoured that an enterprising and eloquent debating society, known as the Willesden Parliament, has intimated to Mr. CHURCHILL that, until he finds a seat in the other place, he will be welcome there.

"If I cannot poll a thousand votes in a working-class constituency like North-West Manchester," said Mr. DAN IRVING in a foolish moment, "I will eat my hat." Well, we have seen some Socialists' hats, and, if Mr. DAN IRVING is a man of his word, the world should now be a prettier place.

"Father KESITCH, an army chaplain," says a contemporary, "preached before KING PETER in Belgrade Cathedral a sensational sermon, which will probably cost him his place." The ambiguity of the

word "him" is happy. Time alone will show to which of the two gentlemen it refers.

Two new conventions designed to guarantee the peace of Europe have now been signed—one referring to the North Sea, the other to the Baltic. We trust that these treaties are written on very expensive paper, for that, we suspect, is their worth.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. W. W. ASTOR, the Balaclava Bugle belongs now, after all, not to U.S. but to us.



Fair Customer. "IS THIS COLOUR FAST AND REALLY GENUINE?"

Gallant Shop Assistant. "AS GENUINE AS THE ROSES ON YOUR CHEEKS, MADAM."

Fair Customer. "H'm!—ER—SHOW ME SOMETHING ELSE!"

A feature of the Hungarian Exhibition which will open shortly at Earl's Court, will be a miscellaneous collection of wild animals. At first one fails to see how they will be at all *apropos*, until one realises that they will of course consist of (a) wild animals found in Hungary, (b) wild animals not found in Hungary.

The Express mentions a case of a private who for failing to recognise and salute his officer was condemned to march past and salute a barrack pump for two hours each day for a week. The choice of the substitute anyhow showed modesty on the part of the officer.

After all, the report that RAISULI

had been assassinated is untrue. We trust, however, that it will be a warning to all Brigands who refuse to appear on the stage of the Hippodrome.

Another scandal has now arisen in regard to the four English engineers who were recently flung into an Antwerp prison. They have been released for upwards of a week, but have not yet received an offer of a Music Hall engagement or been asked to write for one of our newspapers.

The Strand Magazine publishes an article entitled

"Artists' Ideals of Beauty," illustrated by photographs, and we should say that there is trouble now in the homes of some of the artists, who have only themselves to blame for it. For not one of them has selected a portrait of his wife.

Major TREVOR, in *The Daily Telegraph*:

"Long before the luncheon interval was reached Rowe (a right-handed batsman) and Howard had put Western Australia beyond danger of defeat."

Probably Major TREVOR wrote "left-handed" (the other sort calling for no

particular comment); and the sporting editor, remembering in time that they stand upside down in Australia and have winter when we have summer, altered it at the last moment.

Terminological Exactitudes.

From *Cassell's Monthly Time Tables*:

"Victoria.	Brighton.
p.m.	p.m.
2.10*	4.18
2.10†	4.18

* Sats. excepted.

† Sats. only."

"The Fates were kind to Mr. Barrie. Almost from the first he found his feet in some direction."—*The Scottish Review*.

How sad if they had been in opposite directions.

FLOWER OF ORANGE.

BY AN EGOIST ABROAD.

WHITE noon that on the columned patio falls
Still leaves the flanking chambers dim and cool,
Here where the swart kings held their alien rule
Behind Alcázar's battlemented walls.

Cusped arch and arabesque and cedar dome
Endure for sign of their illustrious reign,
Wrought in a borrowed art when royal Spain
Once more was mistress in her ancient home.

And here the terraced gardens lie below,
Lovely with rose and iris and the scent
Of myrtle labyrinthas where lovers went
Losing their ways and hearts—how long ago!

Made restive by a poignant itch for rhyme,
I yearn, among these Andalusian bowers,
To conjure back from sleep the golden hours,
And solve the strange conundrums set by Time.

Here, then, they lived and loved (or so 'tis said),
Here strolled in couples, trailing courtly feet,
Bathed on occasion in the broiling heat,
And ultimately vanished, being dead.

And was their life-work largely lost in air?
I have no certain news how that may be,
But this I know, because my eyes can see—
At least they kept their pleasaunce green and fair.

Acting without posterity's advice,
Could it occur to them that some fine day
I too, the ages' heir, might walk this way
And want to find their gardens looking nice?

Not it. They failed to read their mission clear,
Yet served, unconsciously, that useful end,
Giving me (see enclosed) my chance to send
This flower of orange home to you, my dear.

Seville, April 21.

O. S.

THE SAILOR'S KNOT.

SCENE—A Dressing-room. TIME—8.25 A.M. *He*, with his right arm in a sling, is standing in front of a looking-glass. *He* is without coat, waistcoat, collar and tie. *She* is advancing toward him with collar and tie in her hands.

She. I really think I could do it better from the front. It's so awkward putting my arms around your neck from the back. I never can see properly what I am doing.

He. Oh, very well, have it your own way. (Turns round and faces her.) It's a turn-down collar, and you'll have to put the tie in first.

She. Which side ought the long end to be?

He. On the right side. Now do be careful.

She. Don't you worry. I know my right hand.

[*She* faces collar, and with considerable difficulty proceeds to put tie in with long end on her own right.

He. There, I knew it, I knew it! You've done it wrong!

She. I haven't! (Flaunting the collar in his face.)

He. You have! I told you to put the long end on the right side, and you've got it on the left.

[*He* attempts to snatch collar with his left hand. *She* retreats a pace or two.

She. I know you said the right side, and I've got it on the right side.

He (in despair). Very well, then, put it on me and you'll see.

[*She* puts it round his neck, and contemplates her work.

She (triumphantly). There, it is on my right.

He (in irritation). Yes, but it's on my left!

She. Oh, that's what you meant, was it? Why didn't you say so at the very beginning?

[*Removes collar and readjusts tie properly.*

He. I did say so, only you wouldn't understand me. Now, come, do hurry up and let's get the thing done.

[*She fixes collar at the back, and then begins a desperate battle with the front stud.*

He (as the battle proceeds). Oh—ow—ugh—ouch! Don't pinch. Wow! Wow! You're choking me!

[*Gasps, gurgles, and becomes purple in the face.*

She (shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat, and speaking with set teeth). I'll—do—it—or—die! Keep still, can't you. Let me get my thumb in at the back of that stud. There, done it.

[*She lets go of him, and he sinks down on a chair. The breakfast gong sounds, and steps are heard patterning down the stairs. Children begin to shout below.*

She. There's the gong! Get up quick, and let me tie it.

He (rising meekly). You can't do it. No woman can tie a tie properly.

She. Stuff and nonsense! Which end first?

He. Wind the long end twice round the short end.

[*She does this.*

She. Next, please.

He (looking over her shoulder into the glass). Pass it up. No, not in front. At the back—at the back, I say! Oh, that's all wrong. You'll have to do it from behind.

She (attempting to do this). I can't reach properly. You must make yourself shorter. That's better. Now say it all again.

He (repeating the formula while she watches him in the glass). Wind the long end—no, no, not that way—from above. Not three times, only twice!

She (firmly). I won't do any more unless you shut your eyes.

[*He* shuts them submissively, and *she* proceeds with her dreadful work. Children's screams are heard from below.

She (giving a final tug to the tie). There, it's done! I must go to the children. (Dashes off.)

He (opening his eyes and looking into the glass). Good Heavens! She's done it in a bow!

(Scene closes.)

"The Kurds round Urumiah are in rebellion, and have pillaged 36 villages, killed 2,000 of the inhabitants, and cut the telegraph wires and communications with Tabriz."—Press Association Telegram.

Cutting the wires was really the last straw.

Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN has been singing the praises of Mme. TETRAZZINI in *The Daily Mail*. His E flat in alt. is as follows:

"In America she has a new audience every time she sings."

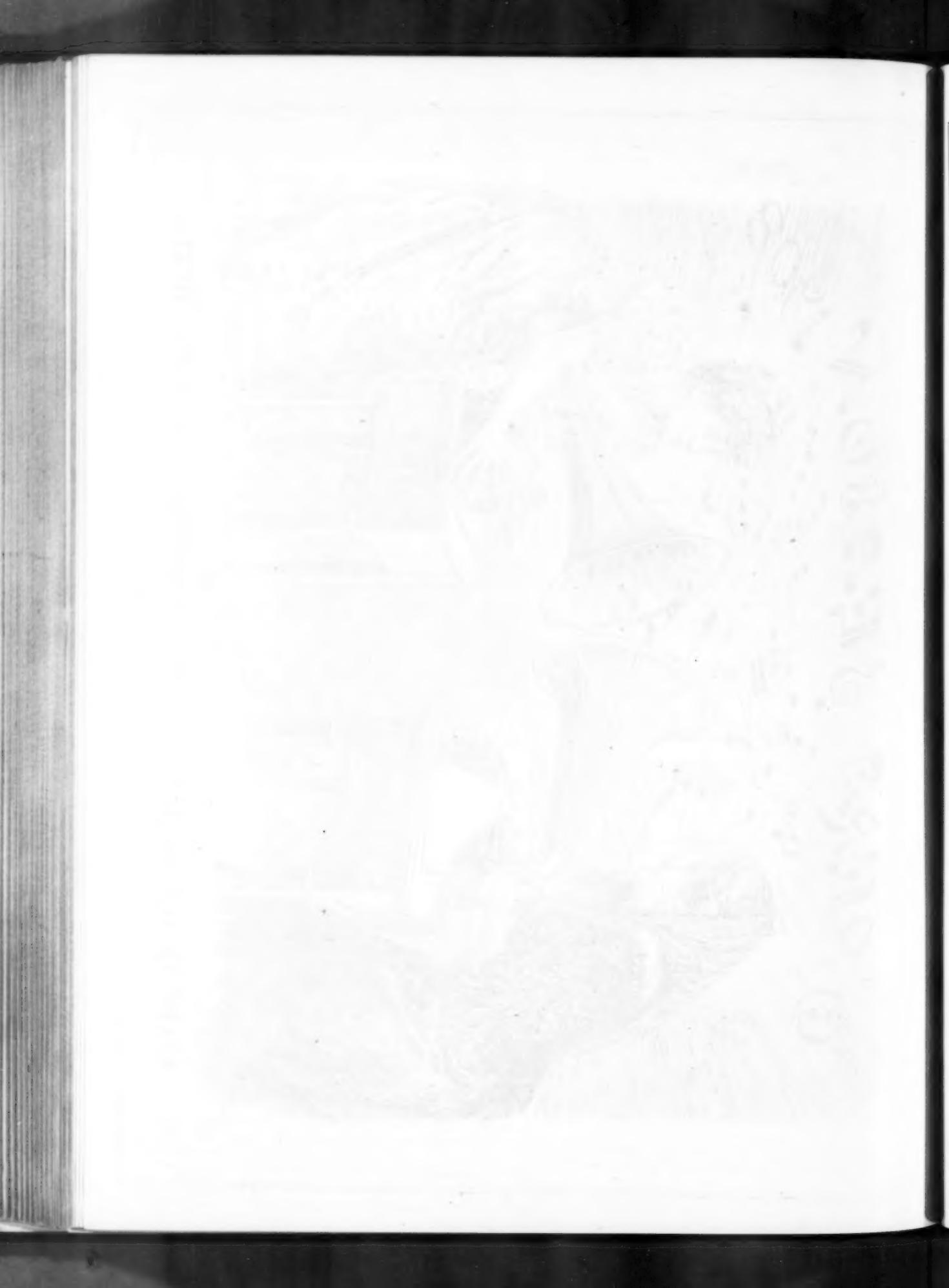
"Blackheath Golf Club was inaugurated in the year 1808, when James VI. of Scotland played on Blackheath with the English King."

The People.

Evidently for half-a-crown a side.



STARS IN OPPOSITION; OR, THE "RECORD" OPERATIC DUEL.





Lady Bountiful. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, JENKINS, THAT IF THESE PEOPLE INSIST ON BUILDING THESE HORRID LITTLE VILLAS NEAR MY GATES, I SHALL LEAVE THE PLACE."

Jenkins. "EXACTLY WHAT I TOLD THEM AT THE MEETING, YOUR LADYSHIP. I SAID, 'DO YOU WANT TO DRIVE AWAY THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS?'"

BRIGHTENING THE COMMONS.

The weakness of the Unionist Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons is the subject of a spirited suggestion in a leading Review that the Easter Recess should have been utilised to bring up intellectual reinforcements. "It ought not to be beyond the resources of our Whips," cries the editor, "to find seats for such men as Mr. HEWINS, Mr. L. S. AMERY, and Mr. MACKINDER."

We fully endorse the principle enunciated by our contemporary, but we demur to the narrowness of its application.

The great weakness, not merely of the Opposition, but of the entire House of Commons, is its lack of bright, humorous speakers.

Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., undoubtedly does his best, but he clearly suffers from overwork.

To be more specific, what the

House lacks is comedians; and yet, incredible as it may appear, it is none the less true that the Mr. MACKINDER whose claims are urged by our contemporary is *not* the famous Gaiety *jeune premier*, but the President of the London School of Economics!

We do not wish to belittle the talents of this erudite gentleman, but we respectfully submit that if the Conservative Whips do their duty, they will give priority to the claims of his more illustrious namesake.

Another claimant for Parliamentary honours whose title to recognition is paramount is LITTLE TICH, whose forehead bulges with intellect, and whose skill as a clog-dancer marks him out specially as an ideal representative for a Lancashire constituency.

Think, again, of the exhilaration that would be infused into the dreary debates if Mr. KEBLE HOWARD, the

modern CHICOT (self-styled), were there to apostrophise Mr. LOWTHER as "friend the SPEAKER"!

But the claims of the dramatic profession, scandalously neglected though they are at present, must not be allowed a monopoly of all the vacancies that may occur. We want singers, as well as actors, to sustain the Government and hearten the Opposition during the fatigues of all-night sittings. Mr. KENNERLY RUMFORD, with his wide knowledge of Colonial problems, Mr. LEO STORMONT, the Imperialist stentor, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, the nightingale of patriotic militarism—these are only a few of the names that leap to the lips in this context. We can only hope that the Conservative Whips will be sufficiently intelligent to realise how enormously they would strengthen the hold of their Party on the nation by the return of men of this stamp.

To say nothing of Mr. CHESTERTON.

RATHER A FARCE.

Pro Tem. (adapted by Mr. COSMO HAMILTON from M. ALFRED ATHIS's farce *Boule-en-Train*, and produced by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE at the Playhouse, "by arrangement with Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN," though whether that means that he permitted Mr. MAUDE to produce this particular play, or permitted Mr. HAMILTON to translate it, or perhaps in a general way permitted Mr. HAMILTON to translate anything he liked, I cannot say for certain; nor does it matter, so long as his name is in the programme somewhere)—*Pro Tem.*, as I was saying, is funny, but I think not funny enough.

In a farce, to amuse is everything; probabilities go for nothing. Seeing that the plot of every farce turns upon some misunderstanding, this is as well; for in real life misunderstandings do not last through three Acts. You can have a short misunderstanding with a cabman, or a hotel manager in making up your bill may mistake you for a millionaire; that is about all. Hence one is not exacting in farce. One is not alarmed for the unities even when everything hinges upon the unlikely circumstance of two people both being called BROWN. In *Pro Tem.* there are no Browns, for Mr. HAMILTON has rightly kept to the French. But *Dodo Brezard*, coming to a small seaside hotel, is mistaken for the *Prince of Sylvania*. The results are amusing, of course, only not amusing enough.

Mr. O. B. CLARENCE was delightful as the hotel proprietor's factotum, *Poulette*; so long as he was on the stage everything was all right. Mr. MAUDE was always happy and bright, but he reminded me too much of Mr. MAUDE in other parts. The ladies had not much to do, but Miss HILDA ANTHONY "looked pretty" as the proprietor's daughter: she does this as well as anybody I know.

I must congratulate Mr. COSMO HAMILTON on his restraint; there was only one of those smart topical allusions at which he is such an adept. *Poulette* remarks that the Sylvanian Stock Exchange is closed owing to Free Trade, whereupon a dozen gentlemen, who thought they were in a music-hall, applauded faintly.

The Mikado was revived on Tuesday last at the Savoy, with Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON in his original part of *Pooh Bah*, Mr. LYTTON as the *Mikado*, and Mr. WORKMAN as *Ko Ko*—worthy representatives of



Mr. Cyril Maude . . . *Dodo Brezard*.
Mr. E. Lyall Swete . . . *Albert Halardier*.

three generations of Savoyards who have delighted the public these many years. *Mr. Punch* takes off his hat to Sir W. S. GILBERT and Mrs. D'OXLEY CARTE, and congratulates them on yet another triumph with this the best of the Savoy operas. M.

LONDON LETTERS.

IV.

DEAR CHARLES,—Don't talk to me about politics, or the weather, or anything; I have lost my tobacco-pouch. Oh, CHAS., what is to be done? It is too sad.

I bought it in a little shop at Ambleside, my first, my only friend, on the left-hand side as you go down the hill. It was descended from a brown crocodile in the male line, and a piece of india-rubber in the female; at least, I suppose so, but the man wouldn't say for certain. He called it a trade term. I smoked my first pipe from it—on the top of Scafell Pike, with all England at my feet. The ups and downs it has seen since then—the sweet-smelling briars it has met! In sickness and in sorrow it comforted me; in happiness it kept me calm. Old age came upon it slowly, beautifully. In these later years how many men have looked at it with awe; how many women have insulted it and—stitched its dear sides together!

It passed away on a Saturday, CHARLES; this scion of the larger *Reptilia*, which sprang into being among the mountain-tops, passed away in a third-class carriage at Dulwich! The irony of it! Even

Denmark Hill—But it matters not now I have lost it. Nor can I bear that another should take its place. Perhaps in a year or two. . . . I cannot say. . . . but for the present I make shift with an envelope.

Two thoughts sustain me. First that no strange eye will recognise it as a tobacco-pouch, no strange hand (therefore) dip into it. Secondly, that the Fates, which have taken from me my dearest possession, must needs have some great happiness in store for me.

CHARLES, I perceive you are crying; let us turn to more cheerful things. Do you play croquet? I have just joined a croquet club (don't know why), and one of the rules is that you have to supply your own mallet. How do you do this? Of course I know that ultimately I hand a certain sum of money to a shopman, and he gives me a very awkward parcel in exchange; but what comes before that? I have often bought a bat, and though I have not yet selected one which could make runs I can generally find something which is pretty comfortable to carry back into the pavilion. But I have never chosen a mallet. What sort of weight should it be, and is it a good thing to say it "doesn't come up very well"? I have, they tell me, a tendency to bowness in the legs and am about a million round the biceps; I suppose all that is rather important? Perhaps they have their mallets classified for different customers, and you have only to describe yourself to them. I shall ask for a *Serviceable Mallet for a Blond*. "Serviceable" means that if you hit the ground very hard by accident it doesn't break; some of these highly-strung mallets splinter up at once, you know. As a matter of fact you can't miss the ball at croquet, can you? I am thinking of golf. What about having a splice with mine; is that done much? I don't want to go on to the ground looking a perfect ass with no splice, when everybody else has two or three. Croquet is a jolly game, because you don't have to worry about what sort of collar you'll wear; you just play in your ordinary things. All the same I shall have some spikes put in my boots so as not to slip. I once took in to dinner the sister of the All England Croquet Champion—I did really. Unfortunately I didn't happen to strike her subject, and she didn't strike mine—*Butterflies*. How bitterly we shall regret that evening—which was a very jolly one

all the same. Here am I, not knowing a bit how to select a mallet, and there possibly is she, having just found the egg of the Purple Emperor, labelling it in her collection as that of the Camberwell Beauty. Let this be a lesson to all of us.

CHARLES, I feel very silly to-night; I must be what they call "fey," which is why I ask you, How would you like to be a Pedigree Goat? I have just seen in an evening paper a picture of Mr. Brown "with his Pedigree Goat." Somehow it had never occurred to me that a goat could have a pedigree; but I see now that it might be so. I think if I had to be a goat at all I should like to be a pedigree one. In a way, I suppose, every goat has a pedigree of some kind; but you would need to have a pretty distinguished one to be spoken of as a Pedigree Goat. Your father, CHARLES, would need to have had some renown among the bearded ones; your great-uncle must have been of the blood. And if this were so, I should, in your place, insist upon being photographed as a Pedigree Goat "with Mr. Brown." Don't stand any nonsense about that.

If I ever have a goat, and you won't let me call it CHARLES, I shall call it DAVID. My eldest brother, you know, was christened DAVID, and called so for a year; but at the end of that time we had a boot and knife boy who was unfortunately named DAVID too. (I say "we," but I was still in the Herebefore myself.) This led to great confusion. When the nurse called for DAVID to come and take his bottle it was very vexing to find the other DAVID turning up with a brown shoe in one hand and a fish-knife in the other. Something had to be done. The baby was just beginning to take notice; the leather polisher had just refused to. In the circumstances the only thing was to call the baby by his second name.

Two or three years passed rapidly, and I arrived. Just as this happened the boot-boy took the last knife, and went. Now was our chance. My second name had already been fixed; it was immediately decided that my first should be DAVID. The new boot-boy didn't mind a bit; everybody else seemed delighted. . . . and then someone remembered that in twelve or thirteen years' time I should be going to a public school.

Yes, CHARLES, the initials. . . . You know what boys are. . . . It would have been very awkward.

And so now you see why I am going to call my pedigree goat DAVID.

A. A. M.



Genius. "AND IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE MET ME, DUCHESS?"

WHOSE ZOO?

[Captain Roald Amundsen, the Arctic explorer, will drive Polar bears in his sledges instead of dogs on his next expedition.—*Daily Paper*.]

SUMMONED for exceeding the speed limit with his team of tigers in Piccadilly, a Hindoo gentleman deposited a tiger in court and challenged anyone to drive it at twenty miles an hour.

The Censor has prohibited the introduction of living asps by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE into his next piece.

The Admiralty are considering the advisability of employing armoured whales and hippopotami to carry torpedoes in war time. A letter of remonstrance has already been received from the GERMAN EMPEROR.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE has raised an emphatic protest against the new

Royal Panther Artillery being despatched against the Indian frontier tribes.

From the "Legal Answers" in *The Sunday Chronicle*:

"Take 10 grains of bicarbonate of potash in an ounce of infusion of buchu three times a day, and wear a wide woollen belt."

Probably the wretched man had written up to ask if he could claim rebatement on the ground of *force majeure*; the answer will put him in a very awkward position.

The Cynic on The Hearth.

To the question: "State what kind of guest you would prefer?" addressed by the Hospitality Committee of the Pan-Anglican Conference, one answer was received: "I do not wish any guest who does not believe in everlasting punishment."

THE PIPARIAN HERESY.

"HEARING there was dissension in anti-carnivorous circles over the spread of 'piparianism,'" writes a correspondent, "I called upon Dr. PEPIN, the eminent digestive scientist, in order to ascertain what is precisely the bone, or rather the pip, of contention. . . .

"' You ask me,' said Dr. PEPIN, 'whether I think the Piparian theory has come to stay? May I venture in turn to ask whether you are aware of the nature of that theory?'

"' Well,' I replied, 'I understand that piparianism is the dietetic creed of those who regard nutarianism as a needlessly gross form of alimentary sustentation, and believe that by substituting the pip for the nut a more refined and equally nourishing diet can be provided.'

"' You are very nearly right. But when you say "equally nourishing" you underestimate the piparian claim, which is that the pip is, almost without exception, a more highly condensed form of the vital essence than the nut. You follow me?'

"' Certainly. But are not the quantity and variety of pipes exceedingly limited as compared with nuts?'

"' Ah! There you touch the weakest point of the piparian system as at present practised. But this obstacle is in a fair way to early removal. Mr. LUTHER BURBANK, who, as you are probably aware, has introduced the pipless apple into commerce, is expected to produce an appleless pip of a size commensurate with the fleshy envelope thus displaced, and it is practically certain that by judicious crossing a large variety of giant pipes will be attainable. A similar process will no doubt succeed as well in the case of the *Orangeade*, or citronic group, as in that of the *Cideraceæ*. And, moreover, the resources of chemistry are quite equal to the pip-tonisation of many food substances not naturally pip-tonic.'

"' I suppose, then, that at present the pip is usually employed rather as an adjunct to the nut than as a complete diet in itself?'

"' By many people. I myself am not yet a strict piparian. Indeed, only this morning I ate part of a brazil-nut at breakfast. Yet I believe it is far better for the piparian to restrain the occasional desire for the coarser indulgence of general fruitarian nutrition.'

"' Thank you. May I now ask if you will give me a few particulars concerning the ordinary meals of a piparian?'

"' Certainly. Suppose I tell you what I and my family—whom I never allow to transgress in the direction of nut-foods—had on our table yesterday. Let me see. For breakfast we had hot-pip broth, pip-flour scones spread with pipper, and orange-pipskin tea. For luncheon—or rather dinner, for it is our principal meal—we had *pipkin-au-feu*, a savoury stew of pipose force-meat, followed by a pipsy cake, and a dessert of roasted lime-pips, a delicious finish to any meal. Tea, save for the absence of broth and the presence of a dish of appetising piprock cakes, resembled breakfast. Supper was a light meal, consisting of lemon-pipwiches, and pear-pip tartlets, with pipley water to drink. You will gather that, to use the common parlance, we did ourselves well.'

"' Undoubtedly. But now, and it is almost the last question I will trouble you with, is it true that a special disease not infrequently attacks piparians? I have heard—'

"' You may take it from me that the cases of the disease to which you refer are so rare that the liability to contract it is exceedingly remote. Of course, there is no

denying that the very name of that complaint points to its connection with a piparian diet. But, as I have said, the pip is so uncommon a disease among human beings—and it is a remarkable fact that even in the lower orders of creatures only parallel piped are subject to it—as to be no more a bar to piparianism than is chicken-pox to the eating of spring-poultry.'

"' In conclusion, Dr. PEPIN, can you give me any idea as to the extent to which the piparian diet has been taken up in this country?'

"' One instance alone will give you a pretty fair notion of the widespread popularity of the new diet,' replied the distinguished foodist. ' You will readily admit that motorists are just now the most prominent type among the upper classes. Well, I am not only frequently informed, but I know from personal experience that so much is the growing piparianism of motorists a matter of notoriety that even the children in village streets are accustomed to chaff them as they dash past, calling out "Pip! Pip!" in every key of childish treble. Ah! there goes the dinner gong. I am sure Mrs. PEPIN will be delighted if— No? You have an appointment. Well, perhaps another time. I am very glad if I have been of any use to you.'

" I thanked the famous scientist for his courtesy and information, and hailing a taxi-pip, went off to lunch at the club."

THE BRITISH TERRI-ERS.

(*A long way after the "Vicar of Bray."*)

WHEN GOOD VICTORIA ruled this land,
Lest England were invaded,
The Volunteers, that gallant band,
They mustered and paraded,
They learned to fight, they learned to shoot,
Their aim was true and steady;
Had foemen come, at roll of drum
Each man had answered "Ready!"
Then give three cheers for the Volunteers,
In "sections," "line," or "fours," sir,
The Volunteers for fifty years
Safeguarded England's shores, sir.

Now Great KING EDWARD rules this land
(No nobler King wore crown, sir),
The Volunteers as Volunteers
No longer come to town, sir,
For Mr. HALDANE boiled them down,
(At first they thought it sin, sir),
But what came out of his melting-pot
Is as good as what went in, sir.
For this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That though the Volunteer has gone,
The "Terrier" 's come to stay, sir.

The Volunteers were true and tough,
No foe were they afraid of;
But 'tis the same old fighting stuff
The Territorial's made of.
He knows his work, he's learned to shoot,
His aim is straight and steady,
Let foemen come, at roll of drum
Each man will answer "Ready!"
Then give three cheers for the Volunteers
And the Territorial Army,
While that's your Second Fighting Line,
Old England, none can harm ye!

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



AS A MAN'S FRIENDS MIGHT LISTEN TO HIS LATEST LOVE AFFAIR.



AS THEY DO.



ECHOES OF VARNISHING DAY.

R. A. Attendant (who has been fetching and carrying for Exhibitor for some time). "WELL, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN BRING YOU?" Skilled Painter. "Er—a BUYER!"

SHOULD ONE LEND ONE'S CAR?

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE question, Should or should not a gentleman consent when asked by a friend to lend him his car, is one which never fails to excite warm discussion in motoring circles. Under the impression that it cannot be too widely considered we print the following letters:—

DEAR SIR,—I have long made it a rule never to lend a first folio of SHAKSPARE, and I don't think it has cost me the friendship of any one

worth considering. I should extend this principle to a motor-car.

Yours, etc.,

SIDNEY LEE.

DEAR SIR,—It depends on the friend. There are some friends to whom it would be a clever thing to lend a car—provided the car was in a sufficiently unsatisfactory condition, and the steering gear liable to lock. I keep several cars for this purpose.

Yours, etc.,

TIMON.

DEAR SIR,—My answer is No. I did it once, and am still having to pay for it. The friend who borrowed

it was most reckless, and the car was returned to me with little pieces of pedestrian all over the wheels. He is now in prison, and I am in bankruptcy.

Yours, etc.,

"NEVER AGAIN."

DEAR SIR,—I should say No. The best way, if you do not wish to run the risk of offending your friend, is to promise it to him and then arrange an accident to the car trifling in character but sufficient to keep it in dock till the horrible day is over. The trouble is that if this occurs often he will begin to suspect your bona fides, and that, of course, among friends, is beastly.

Yours, etc.,

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

DEAR SIR,—I never lend my car.

Yours, etc.,

KEIR HARDIE.

DEAR SIR,—Never having had a car I cannot say; but if for car you read toothbrush I should reply No.

Yours, etc.,

CONSTANT READER.

DEAR SIR,—I have found it very profitable to lend a car, if it is lent to a man at once wealthy, open-handed, and a fool. I obtain a guarantee as to repairs before he starts, and in this way I have succeeded in getting several old concerns made as good as new. I was only had once, when the friend was so suspicious and ungenerous as to have the car overhauled before he started, and then he said quite plainly that on second thoughts he would not borrow it at all.

Yours, etc.,

NATHAN LEWINSKI.

DEAR SIR,—In my opinion it depends largely upon the size of the friend. I once lent my car to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Dr. W. G. GRACE, and the results were terrible. But a slim believer in Eugenics may have it any day.

Yours, etc.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

DEAR SIR,—I know little of motor-cars, but I once borrowed a pan-technicon and it led to lots of trouble.

Yours, etc.,

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"The present market price of a four-legged duck is £5. It has been stolen once."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

This paragraph came to us from the blue, without a word of warning from the Editor. Anybody with the dramatic instinct less strongly developed would have led up to it gradually.



THE BLOT ON THE BILL.

THE REAL SUFFERER (to Mr. Asquith). "IF YOU WANT TO HELP US, YOU WILL CLOSE THAT AS WELL AS THE PUBLIC-HOUSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—One of the most difficult tasks from time to time falling to lot of Ministers or ex-Ministers is that of worthily, appropriately, lamenting death of a great statesman. On a memorable occasion DIZZY, not in this or other respects habitually "conscious of his own infirmity," borrowed a passage from a funeral speech delivered by a French orator, embodying it in his own composition. In modern times GLADSTONE was supreme in the field. His speech on the death of PEEL, with felicitous quotation of WALTER SCOTT's lines on PITT, beginning, "Now is the stately column broke," not only lives in English history but adorns English literature. ROSEBURY is a master of this branch of an art in whose various developments he equally shines. PRINCE ARTHUR holds a worthy place in the small companionship.

To-night ASQUITH was enrolled in it.

Scene in House quietly impressive. Benches filled on both sides. Every man in decent mourning; all heads bared when the PRIME MINISTER, in voice broken with emotion, sounded the opening notes of his lament. Had written out his speech. Manuscript lay before him on the desk; skilfully avoided appearance of reading. The verses from WOTTON with which he finally rounded off his speech were declaimed without a glance at the manuscript. When he resumed his seat a murmur of cheers from both sides paid tribute to one of the finest funeral orations spoken from the familiar place within the memory of the oldest Member. Listeners felt how happily its conception and style were attuned to the simple character of the man they mourned.

With the exception of moving the adjournment on the day of C.-B.'s death, this was ASQUITH's first appearance as Premier. It will have permanent effect on the relations between himself and the House. Hitherto Members had been accustomed to regard him as a man of iron compared with fellow-mortals of flesh and blood. His intellectual capacity freely conceded, what was lamented was apparent absence of the grand emotion that sometimes flooded GLADSTONE's speeches, or the mellow humour that illuminated C.-B.'s Parliamentary manner. Listening to him this afternoon, watching his struggles to master his emotion as he thought of the friend who was gone,



"ROBBERY! CONFISCATION! SPOLIATION!" ETC., ETC., ETC.

Bung: "Lor, wot a nice, kind gen'l'man that there Mr. Cave do be . . . An' 'ow LOVELY 'e do talk! 'Pon my word, when 'e was a-talkin' about me I felt like a sort of Joan of Arc, I did;—I halmos' fancied as I could 'ear voices an' such like!"

(Mr. G. Cave, K.C., and his grateful client.)

the House discovered it had made a mistake. It began to suspect it is shyness that has been accountable for ASQUITH's habitually cold manner, his studious restraint of anything approaching emotion.

The error corrected will not hereafter prevail. The revelation suddenly flashed upon the House will have miraculous influence in smoothing the way of the new Premier.

Business done.—House, meeting after Easter recess, forthwith adjourned in reverent token of memory of C.-B.

Tuesday.—French Premier, looking down from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, much struck by singular breadth of mind with which British legislator approaches consideration of controversial questions. To-day the hosts met in battle array round Licensing Bill. On one side measure is denounced as ruthless attack on rights of property. On the other it is upheld as effort designed in best interests of the public to diminish drunkenness.

Second reading of Bill first order of the day. Before it is reached there is sort of reconnaissance in force conducted by Members presenting petitions for and against the Bill.

Among them is GORDON HARVEY, Member for Rochdale.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I beg to present a petition from 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire in favour of the Bill." Looking again at the document, he hastily added, "I mean against the Bill."

Did this changed condition of



"QUEL PEUPLE!"

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.



"We have deep and even turbulent streams to cross before we come to the end of our journey. But we know where we are going—(loud cheers)—and we shall not lose our way." (Renewed cheers.)

(Mr. Asquith at the Reform Club, April 30.)

affairs affect the tone or attitude of the hon. Member? Not a bit of it. Nor was he disturbed by fresh discovery made. Whilst the petition purported to come from North-East Derbyshire, he found, as he put it, that "the signatories hailed" from Birmingham, London, Sittingbourne, West Hartlepool, Doncaster, Burton-on-Trent, and other places—as if there could be many other places.

"*Quel peuple!*" M. CLEMENCEAU murmured under his breath as he closely watched the countenance and bearing of Member for Rochdale. "What a nation! What *sangfroid!* Or, as I believe they write it on their menus, what *chaudfroid!* Here is a Member finds himself entrusted with presentation of a petition on burning question of day. He announces it as friendly to a certain Bill. Whilst Ministerialists cheer, glorying in approval of 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire, he looks again at petition and finds it is against the Bill.

Is he flustered? Does he drop on floor and, like BEERBOHM TREE in *Merchant of Venice*, rend his garments or, by preference in the case of a business man, those of his neighbours? *Pas du tout.* Trojan and Tyrian are one to him. He calmly announces that so far from petition being in favour of the Bill, it is hostile to it. Whereupon the crest of Opposition rises. They cheer in turn.

"This gives Monsieur from Rochdale fresh opportunity of studying petition. What does he now find? Why, that the 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire 'hail' (or, as some would say, 'rain') from other

places scattered about the island. Surely this upsets Rochdale? Ah! *nous autres* do not understand *ces Anglais*. Rochdale thinks it well casually to mention the matter. This done, he walks up to Table and drops into pendent sack (hence, *le membre pour Sark, homme très gentil*, tells me, comes the phrase 'giving it the sack') a petition which is at once against Licensing Bill, is in its favour, and is signed by 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire, who live in Birmingham, London, Sittingbourne, West Hartlepool, Doncaster, Burton-on-Trent, and other places."

Business done.—PREMIER moves second reading of Licensing Bill.

Friday.—REES (of India), fortunate at the ballot, gives notice to call attention to length of speeches in debate. No new thing this. Whilst CARNE RASCH was still with us, he, session after session, protested against the practice. Once he found opportunity of moving resolution affirming desirability of limiting duration. In admirable argument, for whose exposition ten minutes sufficed, he supported his plea. Might have carried his motion but for unforeseen, unfortunate accident. Hon. friend who seconded it so carried away by conviction of its soundness, so angered with habitual transgressors, that he was on his legs for full forty minutes. This rather threw chill over proceedings, fatally checking CARNE RASCH's crusade.

Example better than precedent, or even abstract resolution. ASQUITH'S

accession to Premiership likely to have important influence upon practice in this matter. It was Mr. G. who, more than forty years ago, set and saw established practice of prodigiously lengthened speeches. Example was fatal to that child of Nature, DIZZY. He was unapproachable when, according to earlier habit, he confined himself to twenty minutes or at most half an hour for delivery of speech. With Mr. G. taking five hours and a-half for exposition of Budget, never making interjectory remark in debate of less than an hour's length, it would not do for DIZZY to be content with his modest measure of time. He sometimes held forth by the hour, and was comparatively ineffective accordingly.

ASQUITH goes back to the time limit of DIZZY's prime. Rarely exceeds half an hour; commonly demonstrates to observant audience how (apparently) easy it is to pack into twenty minutes masterly conglomeration of argument, illustration, persuasion. Never a superfluous word in his speeches, and yet everything said.

PRINCE ARTHUR of the same cult. Something more bounteous in wealth of words: never uses them for purposes of marking time. With these two shining examples in high places there is promise of new style of Parliamentary debate when, to quote from a classic, we shall "cut the cackle and come to the 'ossees.'"

Business done.—Discussion on DILKE's Bill dealing with shop hours of labour.

The Press on Albert Square, Manchester.

"The people were literally packed together like herrings in a barrel. I am assured by those who know the capacity of the square that the crowd numbered certainly not less than 20,000."—*Morning Post*.

"It is hard to calculate how many were packed in it, but at any rate there must have been 50,000."—*Daily Mail*.

"The crowd must have numbered about 100,000, probably more. When Albert Square is crammed, it can accommodate 200,000 persons."—*Daily Telegraph*.

From a story by a woman writer in *The Westminster Gazette*:

"There were five men in the room, all regarding one another with that glaring affability usual to clubs. Two of them were smoking, leaning back in their chairs and gaping at the ceiling. Another lay stretched on the sofa, the book he had been reading lying open across his sleeping face. The fourth was writing what appeared to be a most important despatch. . . . The fifth was sitting right in the window, gazing into Pall Mall."

This is how we usually regard one another in clubs.



UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH.

Cook. "WOT 'AVE YOU GOT THAT THING IN YOUR 'AT FOR?"

Baker's Boy. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, COOKIE. THEY'VE MADE THE GUV'NOE A J.P."

MAXSE.

[The publication in the May issue of the *National Review* of Mr. GLADSTONE's *versa de société* on "Margot" must be our excuse for printing the subjoined translation of a spirited unpublished poem by an August Personage which has enjoyed a considerable vogue in Court circles in Berlin.]

WHEN the Reichstag is up, and poor BUELLOW is able
To win a brief respite from wrangling with BEBEL,
Though I steer for the Mediterranean or Black Sea,
I cannot escape the surveillance of MAXSE.

If I go to Corfu in the search of some rest,
He discovers a sinister aim in the quest;
And though other opponents their efforts relax, he
Allows me no quarter, does LEOPOLD MAXSE.

I've long wished to visit the home of HALL CAINE,
A man of stupendous, Shakespearean brain;
But were I to land near the village of Laxey,
'Twould poison the island, according to MAXSE.

If I wish SCHOPENHAUER or KANT to discuss
With HALDANE or TWEEDMOUTH, he kicks up a fuss;
And when AVEBURY begs him to bury the axe, he
Replies, "Go to Potsdam," does Editor MAXSE.

I'd love to run over to London incog.,
And chat with Lord ESHER, that humorous dog;
I'd like to go whizzing about in a taxi,
If it weren't for the risk of detection by MAXSE.

I can speak in six languages, paint and compose;
I can scribble in verse just as fast as in prose;
I can eat mutton cold—when it isn't too braxy;
But I cannot allay the suspicions of MAXSE.

Do I favour the Junkers or yield to the mob,
Do I flatter the TSAR or with ABDUL hobnob,
Is my attitude prudish or Maréchal SAXE-Y—
It's exactly the same to this truculent MAXSE.

How then shall I please this implacable foe
Whose censure pursues me wherever I go?
Shall I shave my moustache, so ferociously waxy,
In the hope of appeasing the anger of MAXSE?

Alas! such expedients are destined to fail,
Against such resentment no arts can prevail.
And unless I retire to remote Cotopaxi,
I never shall win the approval of MAXSE.

"'F. C.' (Croydon).—The present Crown Prince of Germany was the
Duchess Cécile Augustine Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin."—M.A.P.
That will teach F. C. not to ask silly questions.

More Commercial Candour.
Notice in a Leeds ready-made clothing shop:—
SMART ATTIRE
PROCLAIMS THE GENT.

**HOW TO GET A MOTOR-CAR
FOR NOTHING.**

BY UNCLE EPHRAIM.

I.

I WANT to talk to you a little about my Motor-car. Now I am, speaking temporally, a poor man: how comes it, then, that I own a nice clean motor-car? I will tell you in a little while.

II.

I dare say all of you wish that you, too, had Motor-cars; but, being good Britishers, you swallow your bitter pills of vexation like sensible men and women.

III.

Now I am going to tell you something: I got my Motor-car without paying for it. No, I did not steal it, because that would not have been British.

IV.

We could all have Motor-cars if we wished. Yes, even though you are a poor man (as I am, speaking temporally), you could have one and not pay for it, and still not do anything un-British.

V.

Now how must you set about getting your Motor-car? Well, I will tell you. You must make it yourself. It is a matter of home industry.

VI.

But, you say, the things to make it will cost money. But I will tell you this, that no, they will not cost money. They will not cost money, because they are not that kind of thing.

VII.

Listen to me. What I tell you is the truth. I made my Motor-car with my own things, and it took a long time. But I got it at last.

VIII.

The things that I made my Motor-car with were not Tyres and Iron and Petroleum. No, I made it with Temperance, Endeavour, Patriotism, and Strength, and one or two more.

IX.

You see, we are all our own Motor-cars, and we must try to make them as good as possible. That is why we

have to use such unusual materials.

X.

Now I dare say you are a little disappointed that it has turned out to be this kind of Motor-car. But this is a very good kind, too, as you will see if you try it.

XI.

You see, once it is made it never breaks down. It does not fly along, I admit, but it goes quite nicely, and you have a pretty good time.

XII.

Now I want you to try and make one, just to please your Uncle EPHRAIM.



IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL MOTOR-RACE.

Denizen of the North. "LUCKY WE PICKED UP THIS TIN OF CONDENSED SOUP THAT WAS DROPPED BY THE PALE-FACES WHO RODE THE THING THAT STINKS. WE SHALL ENJOY OURSELVES PRESENTLY!"

OUR BYE-ELECTION.

"RED ruin hovered o'er us
And chaos would begin"
(So ran the pressmen's chorus)
"If Mr. SMITH got in:
Contempt for such a craven,
So faithless to his vows,
Was legibly engraven
On Little Mudby's brows."

Yet though such awful reading
Might well have sent the whole
Electorate stampeding
Like bull-calves to the poll,
Through accident or error
It grieves me to relate
That loathly Rule of Terror
Was almost England's fate.

I know the strife is ended
And Mr. Potts, M.P.,
Has triumphed by a splendid
Majority of three:
But still my pulse beats faster
To think how near we came
Through one absurd disaster
To wallowing in shame.

Just at a ticklish juncture
(On top of Hangman's Head)
Our motor had a puncture
Three furlongs from the shed:
But caring more for honour
Than mere desire to mote,
The stalwart hinds upon her
Agreed to walk and vote.

So now a country smitten
With sore disease is
saved,
Once more the brass-bound
Briton
Declines to be en-
slaved:
But had that tyre ex-
ploded
Before we reached the
hill,
Who knows? the storm
that boded
Might brood on England
still.

AN APRIL HONEYMOON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was married in April because all my friends told me it was unlucky to be married in May, and I should like to protest against this foolish superstition in the name of hundreds of other suffering victims besides myself. Even supposing it is bad luck to marry in May, I cannot say that, in the light of our united experience, it is parti-

cularly lucky to be married in April. Where is the luck in going to your wedding in a blizzard, and getting a long wheel mark of mud on your white satin train? Where is the luck in having one's hair out of curl all through one's honeymoon, a red tip to one's nose every time one goes out, not to mention hiding one's trousseau frocks under a mackintosh cloak; and finally where is the luck of having a husband who pays such unremitting attention to the cold in his head that one gets justifiably jealous of the quinine bottle?

It is said one must learn by experience; but there is no comfort even in that when one is denied a chance of doing differently another time.

Yours forlornly, APRIL BRIDE.

A VOTER'S WOES.

I AM a voter. Please don't blame me for it. Blame this wretched climate which compels me to live in a house. Though on second thoughts I must admit that I am partly responsible for my misfortune. I might have appeared before the revising barrister and objected to myself as an alien. It would not have been true; but then most objections to voters are not true, so I don't see that it would have mattered.

But anyhow I have a vote, and, worse luck, it is in a critical constituency on which the Government has forced a by-election. I should have voted against the Government on this account if I had not borne an equal grudge to the Opposition for contesting the seat. And in this constituency I am set down by both political parties as "Doubtful"—a waverer, as Mr. Pott, of Eatanswill, would have said. I am the pendulum, and I don't know which way to swing. Every paper I take hold of has an appeal to me either to support a great, virtuous enlightened Government, or to overthrow a set of unscrupulous thieving brigands. When I look for news of county cricket prospects I come across these tremendous appeals, and they unnerve me. I wish Providence had made me a voteless Suffragette. But the Leagues annoy me most. The United Kingdom Alliance demonstrated before my house by sending a wagon-load of dirty bare-footed children with a banner "Less Beer — More Boots." My wife ordered me to vote against the Temperance Party on the ground that the presence of these children might give the baby small-pox. An hour later the same children appeared in another wagon—these infant politicians will do anything for a ride—as publicans' children ruined by the Licensing Bill. I was ordered instantly to vote against the Beer Party as well.

Then, again, now that Mr. BALFOUR has defined his position, I

believe that I am the only person in England without fixed ideas on the Fiscal Question. I am the common battlefield of Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. My head is a maze of figures—all inaccurate—twelve million starving people in England—twenty million unemployed in the States—happy lot of the German worker—black bread and horse-flesh sausages—Germany bankrupt—England triumphant—England ruined by

take a lot of accounting for. This, too, made trouble with other lady canvassers, for they were all regarded as barmaids and refused access to me. So the Suffragettes rang my door-bell for two hours, till I imagined myself a Cabinet Minister without salary.

I dared not leave my house by day for fear of being torn to pieces by the conflicting stalwarts of the Coal Consumers' League and the Miners' Federation. When I went out for a

stroll at night a representative of the Anti-Tea Duty League waylaid me, and a Humanitarian League canvasser threatened me with personal violence because I would not pledge myself to the candidate who supported the Abolition of Flogging (Wife-beaters) Bill. As for the Anti-Vaccination League, I reserve my opinion of their conduct till I know whether my dog, which snapped up the sample of vaccinated veal they left me, survives.

Well, I voted. I wavered till the last moment. But the representative of the Better Weather League caught me on my way to the poll, and on his representation that there was no hope for the cricket season unless I plumped for Snooks I gave that gentleman my suffrage.

And now I am puzzled as to whether I am an illiterate, benighted, bigoted, beer-sodden voter in a slum-suburb, or whether I am an enlightened, high-minded, patriotic resident in one of England's great commercial and intellectual centres.



RESOURCE.

Facetious Youth. "Hi! I say! Your beastly thing says one-and-eight, and I've only got eighteenpence. Just back a bit till you work off the extra twopence, will you?"

German traders—large loaf and no wages—large wages and no loaf. For my own part I am in favour of a Royal Commission to enquire into the Fiscal Problem, conditionally on its not reporting for fifty years. By that time I hope to be out of the reach of fiscal squabbles.

Then there was the Barmaids' League—it was cruel for them to canvass me. They may be right in their views, but my wife insists that the hussies would never have dared to call unless I had made their acquaintance previously. And there were twelve of them. Twelve barmaids

"The grace and refinement, or nothing there is nothing because to prepare for it or nothing to the melody and the humour of his music must please every taste."—*The Referee*.

This sums up the situation perfectly, and it only remains to add "or nothing."

"No matter how the form may change, the unalterable law of things has said that the essence must ever remain the same here, and that essence is such of the soul of truth as the heart may absorb and reflect in an expression which never does more than half-justice to what the heart feels at the time."

Daily Chronicle.

Obviously.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN preparing for the writing of *Hyde Park: Its History and Romance* (EVELEIGH NASH), Mrs. ALEX TWEEDIE has made exhaustive research, consulting all the records dealing with the Park from and before the day when HENRY VIII. and ANNE BOLEYN went there a-hunting. The result is not only a complete description of the locality, but the presentation of a series of social and historical pictures going back to Tudor days. Amongst other familiar names cropping up is that of Sir THOMAS WYATT, who raised the standard of rebellion in protest against the Spanish marriage of QUEEN MARY. Coming up from Kent, he and his men "marched all night through the rain without food, and tired and wet reached Hyde Park Corner early in the morning of the 7th of February, 1554." Mrs. TWEEDIE does not mention the circumstance, but one may surmise that WYATT was surprised to find no throng of buses, not to mention motor cars, at the Corner. In their absence he and his men were obliged to walk to Charing Cross. In connection with habits at the dinner table in the time of HENRY VIII. Mrs. TWEEDIE quotes ERASMUS, who, in his discourse *On Behaviour at Meals*, insists that "it is very rude . . . to wipe your fingers on your neighbour's coat." There is a good deal to be said for this injunction. Not the least interesting chapter in a fascinating book is devoted to the grim chronicles of Tyburn. The last man hanged in this now fashionable quarter passed away on the 7th of November, 1783. Thereafter Newgate had a turn. A number of old prints and maps contribute to the interest and value of the book.

Three Miss Graemes (MURRAY) is a title that recalls (if you say it slowly enough) the tragic melody of the blind mice, and as a matter of fact the ladies in question were almost as ingenuous in their manners, though not so unhappy in their fate, as those ill-advised rodents. Miss MACNAUGHTAN has given them an island on the west coast of Scotland for their upbringing—a place where they learnt French and history but nothing at all about the world except the "latest winners," which interested their papa in his solitude. From here, orphaned and nearly penniless, they are introduced into the house of *Lady Parfield*, and made acquainted with the barbarous customs of London, S.W. I don't think this book is as good as the *Lame Dog's Diary*, for there is a suggestion of farce about one or two of the characters, and whereas one expected to make friends with a

whole trio of *ingénues*, Agatha appears only for a short while, and I should not know *Jean* if I met her. But their innocence of Metropolitan life gives rise to some very amusing situations, and *Mrs. Batt* and *Mrs. Jocelyn*, who come under the category of "poor relations," are cleverly drawn. Also there is a moment of suspense at the end, when we are not sure whether *Major Hanbury* will despatch a tiresome little expedition into the heart of Tibet or somewhere before getting back to the business of proposing to *Helen*. To ascertain this, it is quite worth while to read *Three Miss Graemes*, and see how they run.

There are a good many paths open to rebels, and Mr. REGINALD FARRER gives a pleasing selection of them in *The Ways of Rebellion* (ARNOLD). Rebellion depends a good deal on the point of view. Thus, when you are born to great estates and have innumerable titled relatives, you are a rebel if you throw over the lot and go in for social reform on new lines. That is the path which *Michael Hallibon* took, and nothing that could be said about him by Society was bad enough. Another way to rebel is to decamp with the right man after having married the wrong one. *Elinor* went that way. She married *John*, and went off with *Michael*, simply be-

cause she felt she must. *Michael* died, and *John*, well satisfied when she told him all about it, took her back, and loved her all the more for her honesty. Personally, I think that is rather revolutionary too, though it doesn't actually count among the author's "ways," because he takes a great deal of trouble with his psychology, and succeeds very cleverly in making *John* plausible. Indeed, he makes all the characters plausible,

from that dignified, quaint little figure, *Princess Anne Komnena* and the rest of the host of clearly drawn minor persons, to the ascetic *Michael* and beautiful, majestic *Elinor* herself, who is quite a dear, in spite (or perhaps because) of that light-hearted carelessness of hers, which to her own surprise does incalculable harm to people who don't deserve it.

The election expenses of a candidate are pretty heavy. According to the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* Mr. DAN IRVING's votes worked out at thirty shillings each. It was just as well that he didn't poll any more.

Great Bowlers: Their Methods at a Glance.

Mr. LUGTON in *The Scottish Review* on a certain nut-brown, black-haired cricketer:—

"His deliveries were generally dead on, full-pitched, and occasionally broke with a twist from both sides."



ADVICE FROM THE BOROUGH COUNCIL IN THE ENTRANCE HALL TO THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

It is to be hoped that Ealing is sufficiently grateful for the delicate hint.



STORY WITHOUT WORDS.